UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Community Church: A Meeting Ground for Jew and Christian

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Across the Indian Ocean

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Joy of Life

By EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD

VOLUME XC NUMBER 6

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1922 NUMBER 6

THE NEVER-OLD.

They who can smile when others hate,
Nor bind the heart with frosts of fate,
Their feet will go with laughter bold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can let the spirit shine
And keep the heart a lighted shrine,
Their feet will glide with fire-of-gold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can put the self aside
And in Love's saddle leap and ride,
Their eyes will see the gates unfold
To green roads of the Never-Old.

—*Edwin Markham.*

From "Gates of Paradise and Other Poems." Doubleday, Page & Company.

What a howling farce this diplomacy game is! Here is Lloyd-George going to the country with the plea that his stand at Chanak on the Dardanelles kept England out of war with the Turks. At the same time Premier Poincaré defends his withdrawal of French troops from Chanak on the ground that such policy was necessary to keep the peace of Europe. "I know too well what the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1914 were," he says, "not to take every possible measure to prevent their recurrence." Loud cheers from his supporters, to echo the loud cheers in England from the supporters of the Prime Minister! It's a great old game, and no mistake. Everything goes, apparently, but the truth. Any cock-and-bull story, no matter how ridiculous, or how flatly in contradiction of other cock-and-bull stories, serves to keep things going till the next crisis is at hand. Then the business of falsification is begun all over again, and the country is once more saved! We wonder if a prime minister, or an ambassador, or a delegate to an international conference, has ever told the truth! He may have done so—when the truth was so little known or understood that it could be trusted to deceive. But truth-telling for its own sake, we believe, is practically non-existent in the diplomatic profession. And yet these men, who hold these exalted offices, are invariably churchmen, they profess the Christian religion, they even attend services and hear the words of the ten commandments! If they were half-wits, we might say that they didn't know the difference between right and wrong. If they were innocents, we might agree that they were self-deceived. As it is, we can only believe that they accept and act upon a double standard in these matters which would put an ordinary adulterer or libertine to shame.

It seems strange to us that nobody has called attention to the significance of the remarkable address delivered by Hon. Reginald McKenna, of England, before the convention of the American Bankers' Association in New York, on October 4th. And yet is it strange, for who wants to call attention to facts so terrible as those so frankly presented by the distinguished ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer? The gist of what he said was contained in a passage in which he concluded a long and lucid argument to prove that Germany could not pay the reparation imposed upon her by the Treaty of Versailles. Passing from the particular to the general, he said:

> A debtor nation may in certain circumstances pay off its foreign debts with remarkable ease and rapidity. The indispensable condition for such rapid repayment is that there should be an extraordinary demand for its goods, *a demand which is the natural accompaniment of war but does not exist in peace.*

Reverting from the general to the particular, Mr. McKenna cited the example of the United States which, in the nineteenth century, was "the greatest external borrower in history." We paid the interest on this debt with ease; but, said Mr. McKenna,

> repayment of the capital would have been beyond (our) capacity for a very long period, *had it not been for the opportunity of the war.* As you know, there arose then an inexhaustible demand in Europe for American goods . . . and thus a capital liability which had been growing for over two centuries, was almost entirely discharged in a few years.

In other words, war is the condition under which alone trade enough can be created to enable foreign debts to be discharged. In order to get rid of the debts incurred in the last war, the European nations must have another war, which in turn will create new debts, which in turn can be paid off only by another war, and so on *ad infinitum*, or until the end of civilization. What wonder that Mr. McKenna spoke in his address of the arguments which go on "while Europe slides into ruin"!

It will not be long now, according to public announcements, before M. Clemenceau arrives in this country, to tell us the facts about France as he sees them. His visit will be interesting—especially if somebody has the spunk to get "right up in meetin'" and

tell the ex-Premier the facts about France as we are beginning to see them here. Any one who has been in Europe this past summer, can easily qualify for this exhilarating job. To even the most casual observer, France stands forth today as the one great menace to the world's peace. Her government is chauvinistic to the core. Her people are what they have always been, essentially a race of militarists. No spirit is anywhere dominant among them save that of vengeance against the Germans. Every constructive plan for the rehabilitation of Europe she has successfully blocked, because it has serevd the interests of some other country as well as her own. Every work of mercy she has opposed and thwarted, because it has threatened to rob her of some few drops of blood in her pound of flesh. Ruined herself, she would willingly shake down the temple, that all others may be buried with her in its fall. The Kaiser's Germany, at her worst, was never worse! It is not pleasant or easy to say these things. France suffered terribly during the war, and deserves a sympathy which cannot be denied. Her people have a gallantry, a *verve,* an *elan vitale,* which stirs the heart to admiration. Furthermore, of this nation as of every nation it is true, to quote Burke, that one cannot draw an indictment against an entire people. But France's place in the world is what it is—the ruinous results of her policy will be what they will be; and she herself needs nothing so much as somebody to tell her the exact truth. The visit of M. Clemenceau to these shores presents an excellent opportunity for this particular public service. It is the ears and not the tongue of this man, that should be kept busy.

Of Bolsheviki horror stories, there seems to be no end! New ones appear with ingenious regularity; and when, for any reason, no novelty is for the moment available, old tales are taken out of camphor and placed again on sale. In recent weeks the popular yarn has been a statistical account of the number of victims put to death by Soviet tyranny and persecution during the five years of the revolution. The total runs to the stupendous figure of 1,572,718, divided as follows:

Bishops	28
Priests	1,215
Professors and Teachers	6,775
Doctors	8,800
Army Officers	54,000
Soldiers	260,000
Police Officers	10,000
Constabulary	48,500
Landowners	12,950
Intelligentsia and Middle Class	355,350
Peasants	815,100
Total	1,572,718

Just how old this story is, we do not know, but it has been doing service now for many months. One would think that, on the face of it, the absurdity of the report would be manifest. Imagine the Bolsheviki, or anybody else, putting to death in cold blood a number of victims *in excess* of the total number of French soldiers killed in battle during all the four years of the most destructive war in history! It would seem impossible that sane persons could credit such a monstrous tale, but newspaper after newspaper has published it, and even *The Atlantic Monthly* tumbled for it in its September issue. There can be no question that "the will to believe" is at work here; anything goes—Sisson documents, nationalization of women, despoilment of the churches—provided only that it damns the Soviets! Fortunately, in this case we have authoritative denial—first from the British Commission Investigating the Russian Revolution, and secondly from the American Relief Administration. Deaths due to the revolution are known to be not more than 20,000, and are probably considerably less than this figure. It may well be argued that this is 20,000 too many, but it is at least 1,552,718 *less* than the number published in *The Atlantic Monthly* and its associates in libel.

It has warmed our heart to read of the dedication in Chicago, on October 8th, of a monument in memory and honor of Eugene Field. We are told that the monument represents a brooding angel hovering over two sleeping children, sprinkling the sand of dreams into their eyes. On the base are carved the first four lines of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." On the other side are the opening lines of "The Sugar Plum Tree."

> Have you ever heard of the sugar plum tree!
> 'Tis a marvel of great renown.
> It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea,
> In the garden of Shut Eye Town.

A fountain, marble seats, and the inscription, "To Eugene Field," complete the design. All this seems appropriate and beautiful. We wonder a bit that a memorial so appropriate and beautiful should have been delayed so long, for Eugene Field died no less than twenty-seven years ago. But all the more impressive is the erection of this monument now, as evidence of the enduring quality of the poet's fame. Field, like Longfellow, is an immortal. The critics may scoff and laugh; our modern poets may pontifically declare that he is no poet at all, just a merry-andrew who wrote rhymes. But there's more to poetry than has been dreamed of in the philosophy of our modernists. And if we were asked to prove our case, we know of no writings to which we would turn more quickly than to certain of the poems of Eugene Field, unless it were to certain also of the poems of Robert Burns. The heart of man has something to say about this, after all. What touches deeply the emotions of generations of men and women, in terms of beauty and of love, is poetry, whatever the literary canons of the passing hour. Field had no such profound an

utterance as Milton, nor so thrilling a cry as Shelley. He was not a singer of the first or even second rank, nor ever pretended to be. His was a quiet voice, but within its range a true and lovely voice. Eugene Field was a poet; and long after our Amy Lowells and Ezra Pounds, with all the tribe of imagists, futurists, and free versers generally, have been forgotten, the author of "Little Boy Blue" will be remembered and read by millions of grateful hearts.

Church statistics, as UNITY has emphasized in season and out, are the most unreliable figures imaginable. We all know, as a matter of experience, that church membership and attendance are steadily declining, and that conditions in both respects are now alarming. But still the official statistics go on painting a rosy picture of churches full and new members clamoring for admission. Every now and then, however, real facts come to the surface, and we are allowed to see the situation exactly as it is. For example, the Anti-Saloon League, in the course of an investigation of the *Literary Digest's* recent poll of the country's prohibition sentiment, asked the churches on its "working lists" in New York State to report, from their most representative service on Sunday, September 17, the number of voters present, and the number of those who received *Literary Digest* ballots. We are told that 377 churches "promptly replied . . . that, out of 29,364 voters present," . . . etc., etc. Now here is an exact statement of the number of persons actually present in 377 churches, at the best (i. e., the largest) service on a particular Sunday. The total is less than thirty thousand, or *an average of 78 men and women to a congregation!* These churches are presumably active churches. They are presumably also well organized and have energetic ministers, for they "promptly replied" to the League's communication. The weather on the date in question, throughout New York State, was fair. The nature of the investigation made necessary an exact count and an exact report, else the League's data would be worthless. We do not see how conditions could have been more favorable for an accurate census. Now compare the results with the figures published in ordinary official reports, and we have a perfect measure of what church statistics are really worth. Obviously—nothing at all!

"Readings From Great Authors," compiled by John Haynes Holmes, Harvey Dee Brown, Helen E. Redding and Theodora Goldsmith, and published by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, in 1918, has just appeared in a new, revised and enlarged edition. This unique book, which presents excerpts from distinguished writers of ancient and modern times, from Buddha and Seneca to Romain Rolland and H. G. Wells, arranged for responsive readings in churches, schools, forums, homes, etc., has sold steadily and largely ever since its original publication. A third edition became exhausted a few months ago. In the new edition, many of the readings have been carefully revised, new readings from the works of Isaiah, Shelley, William Morris, and John Greenleaf Whittier added, and general improvement effected throughout. As an experiment in the deliberate attempt to create a modern ritual for the modern church, this book is important, and seems destined to reach an ever-growing public. Its most valuable function is undoubtedly that of suggesting the wealth of literary material which is available for purposes of this kind. It is probably only the first and therefore most imperfect of a long succession of books which are destined to appear in years to come, as the demand for such new ritual of social idealism increases with the reconstruction of the church. But in itself, especially for the moment, the book has great value. It is commended to all churches seeking enrichment and modernization of their services of worship, and to all forums and other public gatherings which are looking for sources of inspirational enlightenment.

The Community Church: A Meeting Ground for Jew and Christian*

Is it possible for Jew and Christian to work and worship together, for church and synagogue to be combined into one great community institution of religion? I believe that it is—and my faith is founded on something other than mere inward conviction or ideal. It springs from what I see going on about me at the present time. The evidence is offered both by Jews and Christians, who together lament any separation along ecclesiastical, national, or racial lines among those who were intended as children of the one God, and therefore "brethren," "to dwell together in unity."

Certain classes of Jews, as of Christians, are familiar. Thus, there are the Jews who have severed all connection with the synagogue—the "unchurched" as we call them in Protestant circles. It is possible that some of these Jews go to the synagogue on the holy days, as some of the Christians, under like influences, go to church on Easter Sunday. But the overwhelming majority of this group have no conscious religious life of any kind. More than sixty per cent of the people of this country, it is said, never pass inside the doors of a house of worship.

At the opposite pole are the Jews who are commonly called "orthodox." These are they who walk in the ways of their fathers—accept the old doctrines, observe the old rites, practice in daily custom the *mores*

*This editorial was written for a prominent Jewish magazine in answer to a request for a contribution, and then refused publication.—Ed.

of the race. It is probable that in the orthodox synagogues in this country we see a more reverent and rigid perpetuation of ancient law, a more exact survival of earlier forms of thought and life, than in any other institution extant in the modern world. And very beautiful, if unprogressive, is the spirit of devotion which gives dignity to this venerable faith.

Lastly, there are the so-called "liberal" Jews who, like the "liberal" Christians, have broken away from creeds and practices of orthodoxy, but still believe in the reality of religion, and seek to give it place in the organization of their lives. The liberal Jew, like his spiritual Gentile contemporary, the Unitarian or Universalist, is familiar with the latest developments of science and philosophy, is sympathetic with the social changes of the hour, is open-minded and creative in his relation to all the current problems of the day. He has his synagogue, as his fellow-Christian has his church; but this institution represents the spirit of today and not of yesterday, and answers primarily the call not of the past but of the future.

These three groups would seem to exhaust the world of American Jewry. But do they? Not at all! A fourth, and very important, class has been recently uncovered in my experience in organizing the Community Church of New York. This institution was made from the start a church of universal religion. We took for our unit of integration, so to speak, nothing theological or ecclesiastical of any kind, but simply and solely the community in which we lived. Anybody who was a citizen of the community was *ipso facto* a member of the church, if he himself desired to recognize and use his membership. No barriers were erected, no distinctions acknowledged. "Knowing not sect, class, nation, or race," was our word, we invited each to the service and the love of all. The logic of this declaration, of course, was the definite abandonment of Christianity as one particular form of organized religion—and we did not evade this logic! We took the name of Jesus from our covenant, and thus sought definite release from all that fell short of a genuinely universal faith.

The bulk of membership was, and still remains, Christian or Gentile. But immediately there came to us, and are still coming, Jewish men and women! Let it be said at once that these Jews seek no escape from the burdens and sufferings of their race, make no concealment of their blood, and tolerate no severance from the society of their kindred. They feel themselves Jews, and in noble pride would have the world know that they are Jews. But through one influence or another, they have got to the point where the liberal synagogue of the ordinary type is as unsatisfactory to them on spiritual grounds as the orthodox synagogue is unsatisfactory to liberals on theological or ritualistic grounds. They see no more reason why a religious institution should be built inside the lines of race than inside the lines of creed or custom. They are as impatient of a racial orthodoxy as of an institutional orthodoxy. Religion, if anything at all, is universal and free, and can find embodiment, therefore, in no institution which has not its foundations deep in the common life of men—i. e., the community. To leave the synagogue altogether, and thus become "unchurched" so to speak, is impossible for these people. They are essentially spiritually-minded, and cannot live without some expression of the soul. Hence their immediate response to a religious movement which takes men simply as *men*, and embraces them in a fellowship as broad as humankind, as inclusive as that divine spirit which makes us one.

How the discovery of this group of Jews impresses the average Jew among us, I am eager to know. I can well understand that they may be taken as a symptom of that racial disintegration which is so greatly feared by those noble men and women who feel intensely that racial consciousness which springs from centuries of persecution born with unparallelled herōism and fidelity. But to me, be it confessed, these Jews, whatever they may manifest on the racial side, manifest on the human side a portend of blessed significance. I find no place in my religion for division of any kind. Separation between Unitarian and Presbyterian, or Presbyterian and Methodist, is only less intolerable than separation between Catholic and Protestant; and this in turn is no less intolerable than separation between Jew and Christian. In the religious world, if nowhere else, men belong together; indeed, it is this very "together-ness" which constitutes the reality of religion! For centuries, now, there has been going on a process of differentiation—Christianity has come from Judaism, Catholicism from Christianity, Protestantism from Catholicism, Methodism, etc., from Protestantism. Now has come the time for a reversal of this process. Integration must follow upon differentiation. These successive divisions must be folded back within themselves, as we close a telescope, and all this again be made one. Wherever we find the universal consciousness this day, there do we find religion in its one true essence. It is for this reason that I hail this new group of Jews as the vanguard of their race. They lead where all must follow—*not to Christianity*, God forbid, but to that high plane of spiritual unity, where old names and shibboleths, old prejudices and persecutions, all "unhappy, far-off things" of fear and hate and cruelty, shall be forgiven and forgotten, and men made one in that holy spirit of love one for another which is the pledge of fellowship, and therewith the bond of peace.

For "fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; and the things which ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Across the Indian Ocean

Editorial Correspondence.

It is now two weeks exactly since we had our last sight of Australia (Fremantle) and, excepting a twelve hours' stop at Colombo, we have been steaming northwestward continuously. One realizes that he may go a long way without seeing much or increasing his stock of knowledge. It is a trifle like a night journey in a Pullman. Of course, the equator is crossed meantime and gorgeous sunsights are seen, but, if not told, one would not know whether he were in the Pacific, the South Atlantic or the Indian Ocean.

I am now writing on the deck of the S. S. "Hobsons Bay." We are about 10 degrees north of the equator. In a couple of days we shall be waving our handkerchiefs at Aden, entrance of the Red Sea, as we pass. Straight ahead is Africa, to the northeast is India, to the north are Hindustan and Arabia, but as a matter of fact I am no more intelligent about these countries and their secrets than I might be in my study in Seattle. Of course, one absorbs an atmosphere that hovers over these parts, and a faithful traveler will have read up some about things in general; yet one may go many leagues and come home profoundly ignorant. However, he has plenty of time for thinking and this alone is worth the "price of admission."

The moon is now about half and as I sat out on deck last night looking Africa-ward, it was rather weird and thought provoking. A miniature phonograph, equipped with savage dance tunes which the engineers have laid on to form a means of introduction to female passengers, was beating out its feeble but wild music, to which swaying couples kept tune. I was reminded of a night some twenty years ago when as I was going off to sleep on the banks of the Busi river, S. Africa, I could hear the instruments of the natives across the river as they also played jazz music for a community dance. We come perilously close to the savage, at times, so as to disturb one who has read Thomas à Kempis—don't we?

At Colombo I had a surprise, which will also illustrate how some Americans are reaching out to do good throughout the earth. I was ascending the steps of the Jetty when a pleasant voice with a laugh in it said, "How are you Doctor Strong?" It was Miss Jessie B. McBride, General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., who was meeting travelers and directing them to safe quarters, "ready to give any information." Well, Miss McBride was an old acquaintance in Seattle, and Saturday being her "day off," she was courteous enough to offer her services to me, as "guide, philosopher and friend" for the day.

Miss McBride is supported by the American "Y. W." and as general secretary I should judge is doing excellent work. In these days of imperialism, it is refreshing to discover a little done for humanity that is detached from mercenary motives. There is a fine "Y. W." plant in Colombo, consisting of a down-town tea-room, rest-room, etc., and an up-town hotel, where also are the offices. Here are three acres of gardens, very beautiful, in the center of which is a large substantial building. All this, I believe, was supplied by American money.

At Colombo I had an hour's interview with F. R. Senanayeke to whom I was given a card of introduction by "Pussyfoot" Johnson. He is of course a Ceylonese, speaks English more fluently than I do, is a Cambridge (Eng.) man. I wish I might have spent days with him. It was my best touch of Ceylon. I asked him many questions about the problems of the East, of Gandhi, of British rule, of Egypt, of prohibition, etc.; all of which he answered swiftly, frankly and intelligently. It was worth coming to Colombo just to look through the windows of his eyes. As to prohibition, he says it is coming on. There was at first difficulty in gaining permission to vote on the question; but that is accomplished now. Ceylon has local option, a three-fourths majority however being required. The greatest opposition to prohibition comes from those who are interested in the trade and from many of the European officials. However, the Ceylonese are mostly Buddhists and therefore are, by religious faith, opposed to intemperance. Mr. Senanayeke thinks prohibition will be secured before long —say ten years. He agrees with all others that Gandhi is a wonderful man and has united India in a great emotional, ethical movement, in which there is a considerable element of the industrial.

The Portuguese first came to Ceylon, as traders; then the Dutch, and then the English pushed them both out. Will some one push the English out, or will the Ceylonese and Indians take full possession of their own, or will they come to independence within the British Empire? That Britain has come perilously close to losing India, there can be little question. The chief cause has not been political, but social. There are times when I feel that Britain is a great menace to the world; at other times, I feel differently. I have a persistent fear that no people can engage in the business of domineering so long, backing it by force of arms, and keep her soul; keep from exploiting and oppressing the peoples she dominates. I doubt if it can be done. Britain has come to a stage in her career that in order to hold what she has, she is compelled to resort to methods and diplomacy that ought to shame every Anglo-Saxon. But America can not throw stones. I am raising the question from the deck of the steamer, as in imagination I survey the earth from Colombo to Suez, is the Anglo-Saxon capable of repentance? I am in doubt.

I find it difficult to like the English. By tradition and birth, I should like them better than Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, Germans, Russians—but I must confess that I do not. Is it my fault, or theirs; anyway it troubles me when I think of the future: for I find so many Americans (and Australians) sharing my feelings. It is chiefly social, as I analyze it. The average Englishman I meet is fundamentally undemocratic, socially. He impresses me as cultivating your acquaintance as long as you are useful; not afterwards. He seems to reveal constantly that he has one eye on the man above, and the other on the man below, having two kinds of treatments for the two men, both indicating ingrain snobbishness. He is conscious of your presence, but generally ignores you and yet turns upon you a glassy stare. All of which I wish were not true; for Americans I talk with are willing to go more than half way. If Britain ever loses the friendship of America, it will be for the same reason that she is coming perilously near to losing India: it will be the social snobbishness which the average Englishman wears,—or seems to wear.

Indian Ocean, Sept. 27. SYDNEY STRONG.

The Joy of Life

XI.

There's a voice in my heart
That cries and cries for tears.
It is not a voice,
But a pain of many years.
It is not a pain,
But the rune of far-off spheres.

When John Burroughs defined religion as "a sentiment or feeling of awe and reverence in the presence of the vastness and mystery of the universe," he did not reveal the full content of that baffling word, but he did place adequate emphasis upon one of religion's fundamental organic foundations. Religion partakes, I believe, of more than a poetic attitude toward the cosmos, yet in that poetic attitude we have a psychic element which forms a basic part of every religious system. Theology may weave around Christianity, or any other system, a fettering array of metaphysical speculations. It may dogmatically assert the nature of God and man's duty to God, but in doing so it merely builds a superstructure on religious foundations which are as human as they are universal. And one of those foundations is, as Mr. Burroughs has so clearly expressed, "a sentiment or feeling of awe and reverence in the presence of the vastness and mystery of the universe." That inherent response which man feels when he views the sublime, that enhancement of life, that inner thrill of joy, that spiritual outflow as one tries to ally himself with the object of his admiration, that you may call a psycho-physical phenomenon, but that is, nevertheless, one of the great underlying foundations of religion. But there is another of equal import.

Mr. Burroughs' definition leaves religion synonymous with the aesthetic attitude. Religion and an artistic appreciation are not quite one and the same, for there enters into the former an attitude of devotion, of sacrificial love for one's fellow beings which seems to be entirely lacking in the art impulse. We could hardly have expected Mr. Burroughs, with his hermit characteristics, to have developed this side of his religious life. He was too far removed from the social order to have human relationship manifest itself as a fundamental principle in his religious system. Yet to those of us who find our lives intertwined with the lives of many others, to those of us whose very existence depends upon a harmonious relationship between man and man, who see in a co-operative, friendly uniting of individual quests into one organized social unit the solution for our many perplexing national and international problems, this brotherly attitude, this innate urge to sacrificial devotion becomes a foundation block in our religious experience.

There may be other organic characteristics which should be included in the foundation structure of religion, but of the vital importance of these two there is no question. Our very natures cry out for them, mankind throughout the ages has given vent to them —they are innate, they are basic, they are primary, they underlie all the great religious systems; and while one hesitates to say that they are permanent, it can truthfully be said that until human nature changes radically from the form in which we now know it, these two basic psychical attitudes will remain as the foundation of every effective religious system.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

CALL THE ANGELS.

Call the angels to you—angels of God's love—
They will gladly answer from the realms above.

In your hours of sorrow—in your happy hours—
Whatsoever chances, call the heavenly powers.

There are spirits waiting—ready to your call—
None from out their keeping can to darkness fall.

Never doubt their coming—question not their care;
Faithful are they ever to your every prayer.

God has given each soul guard to keep and guide—
Mortal! call the angels to walk by your side.

Never need be lonely—never be afraid—
They will bear you company—they will give you aid.

God's own angels are they—Truth and Beauty they—
Call them and be certain none will say you "Nay."

Only surely call them now and when you will—
They your cup of longing with love's wine will fill.

Call the angels to you—always they are near—
Through whate'er befalleth be ye of good cheer!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

In mount or vale throughout the changeful year,
From all the by-ways of the world I peer
Into the secret places where they wind
Almost beyond the utmost reach of mind,
And beauty, beauty everywhere I find.

"Oh why," I asked, "does Nature in such wealth
Lavish her jewels, hide them as by stealth,
The wondrous treasures of her artist soul.
In opulence outpour, and o'er the whole
Great wilderness of worlds, her splendors roll?"

From jungles only to the wild things known,
From waste karroo, from forests deep and lone,
From icy north, and from each starry flame
That looks into the ocean's mirror frame,
One clear and universal answer came.

"The Soul of All is beautiful, then why
Should Nature anywhere in earth or sky
Fall from her high estate? If it should be
One wild flamingo by an unknown sea
Found God unbeautiful, no God were He."

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON.

What Must the World Do to Be Saved?

We are meeting here this morning, after long weeks of separation, that we may manifest once again our spirit of fellowship one with another, that we may seek again the ways of truth, goodness and beauty among men, that we may join our hands and hearts in new endeavors after the uplift and emancipation of humankind. On such occasions of reunion and rededication to a common task, I always like to get away for the moment from the cumbersome details of immediate duty and desire, and take a wide-sweeping view of the problems and conditions which confront us. I like to climb up on to a high place, as it were, and gaze upon the vast landscape of human life as it lies before me. Mine is the mood of Daniel Webster, in his great oration in reply to Hayne, when he brought to mind the mariner "tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea," who pauses in the midst of the storm, "to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course."

I am the more persuaded to this kind of an approach to our problems at this time, by the desperate situation of the world in which we live. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that a vast terror is resting upon the hearts of men this day—a terror different from, and greater than, any other terror which has been known before. This terror is of a two-fold character.

In the first place, there is the terror of the Great War—the wonder as to what it may have done to our civilization. When that stupendous conflict came to an end in 1918, we all of us felt that it had been stopped in time. The destruction was terrible, but not irreparable. The losses were frightful, but not complete. Above all, there seemed to be no exhaustion of vitality. There was still energy enough left in the world to accomplish a restoration of the prosperity and happiness that had formerly prevailed. But were we right in this judgment? Nearly four years have passed since the Armistice—three years and more since the signing of the Peace—and what evidence is there that we are going to be able to repair our losses and start once again upon the upward road? Every other civilization in the history of mankind has flourished for a time, then met catastrophe, and disappeared. This disappearance was not accomplished all at once—on the contrary, it has always been a process which has endured over a long period of time. The fall of Rome, for example, if the historian Gibbon is to be trusted, began in the year 96 A.D., and ended in the year 1590. The decline and fall of this civilization, in other words, was going on for not less than fifteen hundred years. It was so gradual that probably few people knew what was really happening; but there came a time when the Empire was no more, when the cities of Greece and Italy were piles of mouldering stones, when the great highways of the Cæsars were untrod of men, and when the literatures of the classic world were buried in waste places and forgotten. Now it is the growing fear that this process may have started in our time, that is putting a chill into the marrow of our bones. As one device after another for repairing the blunders of Versailles has failed, or been defeated, we find ourselves wondering in dismay if we have not met our catastrophe, and entered upon our decline. Signs that this is the case are certainly not far to seek. Every day Europe is getting shabbier. Step by step her people are getting poorer, her cities less clean and beautiful, her currency more valueless, her whole structure of associated life falling into decay and disrepair. The continent is little by little dropping to pieces. By any one who has an atom of knowledge or a spark of imagination, there is to be seen in France, Germany, Italy, Austria and other European countries today, the beginning of that process of dissolution, the end of which is to be seen in the Acropolis at Athens and the Forum at Rome.

Many people, I suppose, are utterly oblivious to what is going on in the world, and therefore do not feel the terror of which I speak. Many others, however, behold the disaster that is impending, and are seeking for a remedy. Especially Americans, coming back from Europe this fall, seem to have discovered the facts, and are trying to meet them with some more or less drastic policies of reconstruction. Hence the talk on every side of disarmament, suspension of reparation payments, cancellation of war debts, establishment of an international currency, reordering of political frontiers, etc. All of these suggestions are sound and good! If I had my way tomorrow, if I were armed with the unlimited powers of an absolute world-despot, I would scrap the treaty of Versailles, I would withdraw all the Allied troops from the occupied areas along the Rhine, I would lift the entire German reparation, I would cancel all the war debts, I would join Austria to Germany, I would recognize Soviet Russia and admit her to the family of nations, and I would disband every army and sink every navy to the bottom of the sea. These things are not only advisable but necessary, necessary upon the instant, if the world is to survive—if, as Mr. H. G. Wells puts it, in his novel, "The World Set Free," the rails are not to rust "on the disused railways, the telephone poles rot and fall, the big liners drop into sheet iron in the ports, the burnt, deserted cities become the hiding-places of gangs of robbers." It is not too late to stop this process of decay and disintegration. And yet, this stopping of what is going on, is not enough to solve our problem. Every one of these measures might be put into effect tomorrow, and the world, while immeasurably relieved of present ill, would not be saved. For it would be the same old world. It would be a case of restoration, and not of reconstruction or regeneration. What we would have would be a successful healing and revitalization of a wounded organism but the same forces again at work, and therefore only a postponement and not a prevention of ultimate disaster.

It is this which brings me to the second aspect of the terror which now enfolds us—the terror not of the last war, but of the *next war!* I have said that, in the past, civilizations have passed away by a process not of collapse but of decay and disintegration. I can think of no exception to this rule except the flood that devoured the world in Noah's day, and this we believe to be a myth and not a fact of history. But what was true yesterday is no longer true tomorrow. For the first time in his experience, man stands face to face today with the imminent possibility of his own instant and complete destruction. We had as it were

a divine intuition of this truth in the passion that swept the hearts of men, in the Great War, to make this war the war that should end war. We knew this this thing could not go on—that this experience could not be repeated. So the unknown millions fought and died for a cause of deliverance, which the great men at Versailles threw wantonly away. But the truth is with us today as much as ever.

Two facts combine to make the next war the end of western history. In the first place, war today has taken on a universal character. The world is now drawn so closely together by lines of inter-communication and inter-relation, that a war in one place spreads like a contagion to all other places. A hundred years ago two nations could fight, and the rest of the world know nothing, and care nothing, about it. Today, a conflict in any part of the world—between the Austrians and the Serbians, between the Greeks and the Turks—becomes instantly a disaster that may engulf humanity. Furthermore, there is no longer any distinction between soldiers and civilians, between men and women. We all become fighters when our nation goes to war—all are alike liable to service and to death.

In the second place, war today has incalculable powers of destruction. Submarines that course the sea and blockade not islands merely but continents, airships that fly the air and carry the war over the battle-lines to the homes and haunts of peaceful men, bombs that wreck cities in one vast explosion, gases that annihilate populations at a single breath—these and other horrors make modern war impossible. For the first time in his experience, man's power of destruction surpasses his power of construction and creation. We can destroy more in an hour than we can rebuild in a century. Which means that the next war will be the last war, not because we will have gotten rid of war, but because war will have gotten rid of us!

It is for these two reasons—the universality of war, and the destructiveness of war—that the salvation of the world moves altogether beyond the question of how we can repair the last war, to the question of how we can escape the next war. We must go deeper than lifting reparations, or cancelling war debts, if we are to protect civilization from the menace that looms before. We must seek wider and farther for remedies than anything suggested in new political alignments and economic adjustments, if we are to bring permanent order to the chaos that now impends. Not even disarmament will avail, if we seek not merely relief but security. These proposals of progressive statescraft, necessary as they are to meet the exigencies of the present terrific emergency, are simply ridiculous when measured against the ultimate demands of the situation. We are even wrong in talking about such a thing as saving the world, for *this* world can not be saved, or should not if it could. What we need, and want, after all, is a new world; and for material for this world we must go to fields which have hardly as yet been visioned, much less entered and possessed, by the leaders of our time. These fields, as I see them, are three in number. First, there is the field political; second, the field economic; and third, the field psychological or spiritual!

(1) In entering the great field of political reconstruction, I am reminded of the essay on "Eternal Peace," published in 1795 by the greatest of all modern philosophers, the German, Immanuel Kant. This immortal thinker saw in his day, what we see only more terribly and surely in ours, that civilization can not permanently endure unless war be abolished. In seeking to solve the problem, and thus to find the conditions of reform which would bring in eternal peace upon the earth, he had resort primarily to political ideas, and formulated these ideas into definite proposals in his essay. These proposals were substantially two in number.

In the first place, he said, "The civil constitution in every state must be republican." War is the sport of kings; and kings, therefore, must be gotten rid of, if nations are to live together in peace and harmony. Now it is gratifying to note that, in the one hundred and twenty-seven years that have passed since Kant wrote his essay on "Eternal Peace," this first proposal of his has been almost completely achieved. At the beginning of the twentieth century, only three great monarchs were left on the thrones of Europe—the Kaiser of Germany, the Czar of Russia, and the Emperor of Austria; and if any one beneficent result can be attributed to the Great War, it is that every one of these potentates was swept away into permanent oblivion. Of the sovereigns who remain—the King of England, the King of Italy, the King of Spain, and so on—every one of them is a mere puppet, pulled hither and thither by the essentially democratic forces of the countries which they pretend to rule. So far as this first condition of "eternal peace" is concerned, the idea of Kant has been substantially attained.

It is a different story, however, when we turn to the second of the conditions which Kant laid down for the pacification of the world. In addition to the establishment of a republican form of government as "the civil constitution in every state," he demanded that "the law of nations must be founded on a federation of free states." It is here, in the idea of welding the nations of the world into one all-inclusive nation, or super-state, that practically no progress has been made in the last century and a quarter, and yet it is just here that progress must be made if any hope is to be had for the future of human-kind. Kant saw with perfect clearness that war can never be abolished so long as the world is organized on the basis of independent, political sovereignties. If history teaches anything, it is the simple truth that peace on earth is secured only to the extent that nations are eliminated, or merged into a single state.

For centuries almost unbroken war was waged between the Kingdom of England, the Kingdom of Wales and the Kingdom of Scotland, each one of which was absolutely independent of both the others. When at last, however, these three separate kingdoms were united into the one Kingdom of Great Britain, war ceased upon the instant, and from the days of King James I down to the present hour, England, Scotland and Wales have lived at peace. The history of Italy, from the Middle Ages down to the year 1870, is one long story of unending conflict. Genoa fought with Pisa, and Pisa with Florence, and Florence with Milan, and Milan with Venice, and Venice with Rome! During all of this period the peninsula was divided into a great number of independent states, or even cities, and each had its own government and army, and the patriotic allegiance of its citizens. Even so great a soul as Dante held Florence to be his country, and joined passionately in her wars against her neighbors. In 1870, however, thanks to the labors of Maz-

zini the prophet, of Garibaldi the soldier, and of Cavour the statesman, these age-old divisions were wiped away, and all the separate states brought together into the one great Kingdom of United Italy. The result has been unbroken peace; for over fifty years, Italy has known no such thing as armed conflict between her peoples. The story of modern Germany teaches the same lesson. For hundreds of years this unhappy portion of the European continent was bathed in the blood of fighting men. The most terrible war that the modern world has known, up to the outbreak of the Great War, was the so-called Thirty Years' War, which covered Germany with ruin and death from one end of the country to the other. Such conditions, however, were brought definitely to an end by the genius of Count Otto Bismarck, who welded the fragments of the realm into the one Empire of Germany, which was dominated in turn by the single power of the Kingdom of Prussia.

It is by such a process of political unification that the peace of the world can be attained. It is no accident that only once in history has this western civilization of ours been relieved of the horror of recurring wars. I refer, of course, to the "Pax Romana," which was established in the happy days when the Roman Empire held universal sway over the world of men. Here is the goal which we must seek, not by conquest of arms, but by some great feat of creative statesmanship which may take the jealous and hostile nations of the present day and unite them beneath the sway of what I do not hesitate to describe as a super-government. We shrink from the contemplation of such a loss of national independence. No proposal today is more unpopular than that of the sacrifice of our independent sovereignty to the superior authority of a new and universal government. But why should we blink the inevitable? Why should we refuse to recognize what every precedent of history teaches with such irrefragable logic? There is no use deceiving ourselves longer—we must either wipe out our existing nationalities and purge our hearts of patriotism, transfer our loyalties from our single country to that greater all-inclusive country of mankind which must some day come, or else surrender to the doom of a universal war which will wipe out our world in one final cataclysm of destruction.

It seemed, at one time, as though the Great War were to bring to us the realization of this hope of internationalism. The League of Nations, imperfect and feeble as it is, was an attempt to achieve the end of a politically united world. But by an irony of fate, which I believe to constitute one of the supreme tragedies of history, this ideal of interdependence became entangled with another ideal which was its opposite, and therefore spelled its doom. I refer to that familiar concept, so passionately espoused by Woodrow Wilson and so eagerly seized upon by mankind, set forth in the single phrase of "self-determination." Somehow or other we imagined that the attempt to unite the nations of the world into a single political body could be reconciled with the practice of the right of each separate people to set up its own independent sovereignty, and exercise its own rights and privileges of nationality. The result of what I regard as this wholly abominable idea of self-determination, is the division of Europe into such a heterogeneous and mutually hostile group of states as the world has never known before. The chaos, once happily limited to the Balkans, has now been spread abroad like a pestilence throughout all that eastern country. Here are a dozen brigand nations flaunting their national flags, marshalling their national armies, standing on their national frontiers to foster as much hostility against, and make as much trouble for, their neighbors as possible. Never has the world seen so scandalous and threatening a prospect. We are obsessed with the curse of nationalism; and unless we rid ourselves of it forthwith, we can never hope to save our world. Our one great task today is the building of an international government which, in all matters of foreign relationships, shall supersede all existing governments whatsoever. We must have a world constitution, a world state, a world people. The war drums will throb no longer and the battle flags will be furled when at last we have a "parliament of man, a federation of the world."

(2) The second great reform which must be accomplished, if we are to save our world, is economic in character. I suppose that if we were asked what is the fundamental cause of war today, the great majority of this audience would sum up their answer in the one word "capitalism." I believe that in so far as this answer may be taken to imply that war has its origin in certain economic forces now at work in the world, it is to be regarded as correct. But in its specific suggestion, that our existing capitalistic system is the cause of war, I believe this answer is, to a considerable extent, incorrect—as witness the obvious fact that wars waged for economic reasons were a part of history long before what we know as capitalism was ever heard of. What causes war, from this point of view, is not the capitalistic system in itself, but certain age-old economic factors of social organization which chance at this moment to be embodied in this system. It is the forces, in other words, and not the system, which is at fault. If you will turn, for example, to the pages of Plato's "Republic," you will find an interesting discussion between Socrates and certain of his disciples on this very question of the origin of war. Socrates has been talking about the social phenomenon of increasing population. He has been pointing out the familiar fact that the people of a country oftentimes so increase in numbers that they are unable to support themselves. "The country then," he says, "which had been sufficient to sustain the inhabitants, will become too little." "Just so," says his disciple. "Must we not then encroach upon the neighboring country, if we want to have sufficient plough and pasture?" "Just so," is the reply. "Then shall we not fight?" says Socrates. "We certainly shall," is the emphatic answer. Then comes this word, which is one of the most significant in all the literature of ancient time—"We say nothing whether war itself is evil or is good, but this much only—that we have found the origin of war."

From this point of view, the origin of war is to be found in the economic fact that population develops faster than the natural resources which supply it with sustenance. When the people of a country can no longer get food enough out of the land they are occupying to feed themselves, they move on to other lands. Other neighboring races, undergoing the same experience, do the same thing, and then comes that inevitable clash which means war, destruction and death. Now this factor of economic life has nothing to do with capitalism. On the contrary, as I bid you very

particularly to notice, it was capitalism which conferred upon mankind the priceless benefit of removing this bane of associated life. Capitalism, in other words, came into history as a form of social organization which, for the first time, achieved the miracle of adequate production. By its development of power machinery, its establishment of the factory system of manufacture, its marvelous exploitation of the natural resources of the earth, its building of vast transportation systems on land and sea, capitalism in the space of a generation shifted the whole basis of society from deficit to surplus. Famines disappeared; peoples no longer had to migrate in order to find the means of subsistence; the world was suddenly filled with abundance. What had been pronounced by Malthus to be a divine law, that populations must sooner or later outgrow their abilities to sustain themselves, and wars, pestilences and famines, therefore, are necessary, to hold the balance even between demand and supply, was proved to be fallacious. There now seemed to be no limit to the population of a country organized on modern capitalistic lines; production could be made adequate to every need; even poverty could be abolished, and comfort and luxury made the happy lot of all.

Now if this be true, it should also be true, should it not, that capitalism must abolish war! If the origin of war, as Socrates pointed out, is inability of production to supply the need of growing population, then surely war must disappear when this inability no longer exists. And so it would have happened, had it not been the fate of capitalism to substitute another and greater social ill for the one which it had conquered. In place of inadequate production, capitalism now presented as its new especial evil, inequitable distribution. The new system of social organization produced enough and more to satisfy all the material needs of the population of the world. But it proved to be of the very essence of the capitalistic order that this abundance should be so unjustly distributed, that the discrepancy between wealth and poverty should become the basic economic fact of modern life. For the cornerstone of capitalism is private ownership of the materials and tools of production. The spirit of capitalism is private profit for those who exercise the privilege of ownership. And the end of capitalism is the bestowal of wealth upon these comparatively few possessors of the productive mechanism of society, to the detriment of the unnumbered millions who have created this wealth by the labor of their hands and brains. But there is a limit to the capacity of any individual, or group of individuals, to consume abundance. Sooner or later, so great is the productive capacity of the capitalistic system, the beneficiaries of this system must find themselves in possession of an ever-growing surplus of goods which they themselves cannot use, and which must either be disposed of at some kind of a profit or else thrown away. It is when this surplus, in the hands of the owners of industry, becomes a constant factor of capitalistic production, that resort is had to the development of foreign markets and the exploitation of alien peoples. Capitalism at home, in other words, gives birth to its foul spawn of imperialism abroad. Capitalistic nations, seeking desperately to dispose of their accumulating surplus of goods in undeveloped portions of the world, inevitably come into competition, and this competition constitutes the economic factor which is today the cause of the wars which vex our world. Inequitable distribution achieves in our time what inadequate production achieved in the days before the Christian era. The Great War is, of course, the crowning example of what we mean. We were told, while this great conflict was raging in Europe, that it was a battle of civilization against barbarism, of democracy against autocracy, of the forces of peace and brotherhood against the forces of militaristic tyranny and oppression. We know today that all such descriptions of the Great War were only so much "bunk," deliberately set forth by the propaganda bureaus of the Allied governments for the deception of their people. The Great War was simply and solely a battle to the death between Great Britain and Germany for the mastery of the markets of the world. The same thing is true of the conflict between Greece and Turkey, which is threatening at this moment to engulf mankind in another universal war. This is not a struggle of the Greeks for freedom. It is not a war to protect Christianity—as though it deserved to be protected—from the onslaughts of heathen barbarism! It is in no sense a Holy War. On the contrary, it is simply a sordid, imperialistic struggle between England and France for economic predominance in Asia Minor. Be not deceived! Wars today are capitalistic wars! And not until capitalism, and its necessary evil of inequitable distribution, are utterly removed, will the world know what it is to enjoy peace.

It is this fact which calls today for an economic revolution, if the world is to be saved from the destruction which impends. A new order of society must be builded which will give us equitable distribution as definitely as the capitalistic order of society gave us adequate production. We must give to those who labor the fruits of their labor. We must scatter freely, and on the basis of equal justice, to all peoples everywhere, the wealth which their toil creates. We must bestow upon the many, by a system as automatic in its operation as the movement of the stars, the abundance which now is enjoyed exclusively by the few. This means public ownership instead of private ownership. It means the democratization of industry. It means revolution in the sense not of violent destruction and bitter hate, but of far-visioned, creative statesmanship, which shall establish a new order of social relationships, which shall bring to all the prosperity and happiness which properly belong to all. Some day men will labor gladly together, not for profit but for service. Out of the surplus of their production, left when the needs of all have been abundantly satisfied, they will send their goods abroad, not for the exploitation of dependent and helpless peoples, but in free exchange for the products of different climes and talents. All will enjoy together what all have produced in fellowship or friendly rivalry. This day will come, and when it comes war will be no more, and the future of society no longer threatened by disintegration or cataclysmic ruin.

(3) This brings me to the third field of reconstruction which must be entered, if we are to save our world—namely, the psychological or spiritual. If I were asked to name that cause of war which is most immediate in its operation today, I would name nationalism. If I were asked to name that cause of war which is most fundamental and permanent in its operation, I would name economic imperialism. But if I were asked to name that cause of war which is most

baffling in its character and most difficult therefore to handle and to eradicate, I would name those ideas and sentiments of men which, in these days of emphasis upon social factors, we are all too prone to neglect. War has its roots not only in political and economic forces, but in those psychological forces which make up the essence of men's souls. These psychological forces are themselves, no doubt, to a large extent the result of the political and economic conditions by which they have been produced and moulded; but they are themselves also an original cause which react with direful consequences upon the structure of the world.

How can we hope to get rid of war, for example, so long as men believe that war may be a good thing, and may be made to serve the higher interests of the race? How can we hope to get rid of war so long as men are obsessed by the glamor of war—fill their art galleries with battle-pictures, adorn their public squares with statues of great generals, and even crowd their churches with the proud memorials of victories of arms? How can we hope to get rid of war so long as men praise the soldier, acclaim the uniform, and adorn with decorations and medals of honor feats of bloodshed and destruction? How can we hope to get rid of war so long as men look across a boundary line, which never in the world could be recognized as such if it were not for the presence of soldiers and customs officials, and feel it their duty to hate and fear the men and women who live upon the other side? How can we hope to get rid of war so long as men salute the flag and bow down to it as men in ancient times bowed down before the idols in their temples? How can we hope to get rid of war so long as patriotism is recognized as a virtue, and the authority of the state obeyed as though it were the fiat of Almighty God? Our psychology today is a war psychology, bred into the very fibre of men's brains by unnumbered centuries of conflict. We think and feel and act in terms of struggle and to the end of death. What beset us are ideas which are false and sentiments which are perverted. These ideas must be changed and these sentiments must be transformed, if ever we are to accomplish anything in the way of saving society from the universal destruction of another war. This is a task for education on the one hand and for religion on the other; and if it be not done, there is no hope for the future of mankind.

Here, now, are the things which must be achieved, if we are to build a civilization which shall endure, and therewith save the world. We must reorganize society politically, so that rival and hostile nations may be merged into a definite system of internationalism. We must reorganize society economically, so that adequate production may be matched by equitable distribution, and the industrial forces of the world, therewith, be made to serve the interests of peace and not of war. Lastly, we must change human nature, so that men shall think and feel as naturally and easily in terms of brotherhood as now they think and feel in terms of enmity.

The task is plain, but what chance is there of its being realized? On the face of things it would seem not to be so difficult. To reorganize the world on the basis of internationalism is only to do, on a great scale, what has long since been successfully done in Great Britain, Italy, Germany, and most impressively in these United States. To transform our industrial system is only to achieve a feat of statesmanship in the field of economic distribution, to match that already achieved in the equally difficult field of economic production. To change the ideas and sentiments of men on the problem of war, is only to repeat what has been done in times past on a long succession of problems equally difficult and trying. These things *can* be done, if we but have the will. But when I look at the condition of society today and estimate as soberly as I can the prospects of the future, I feel but little hope. I would not be a pessimist; on the other hand I would not be dishonest with myself and least of all with you. Therefore am I forced to admit that it is my present conviction that the chance of accomplishing these reforms which I have named is hardly one in a thousand. Basing my judgment on all that I have seen, all that I have heard, all that I have been able to read, I herewith venture the opinion, first, that our world today has entered upon that process of definite disintegration and decay which has eaten up all the preceding civilizations of history; and secondly, that this process of decay may at any time be interrupted, and thus end for good and all, by one gigantic cataclysm of destruction.

No conclusion would seem to be more direful than this, and yet I am not one who is without hope. I refuse, even in the face of such impending calamity, to surrender myself to despair. On the contrary, it is only when we have thus been forced to abandon all reliance upon things material that we can turn wholeheartedly to the everlasting reality of things spiritual, and find how true they are. If you believe that this world is fundamentally a material thing, and that in the activities of men as in the biological processes of nature, we have only the actions and reactions of certain chemical forces, then indeed there is little reason for cheer. From this point of view, darkness is settling down upon the world, and there is no light. But if you believe, as I believe, that this world is fundamentally spiritual, and that in all its processes, from the blind groping of the amoeba to the soaring thought of a Shakespeare or a Plato, there is an infinite life-force eternally at work, then we can have a confidence in the future, not only of this natural world but of human-kind, which stands unshaken by even the most terrible disasters that can befall the structure of society. I find this true, than which there is no other deeper, convincingly set forth in a paragraph of the preface of a book, "Character and Opinion in the United States," published in this country a year or so ago by George Santayana, whom I remember as a professor in the philosophical department of Harvard College when I was there as a student. "It may be," he writes, "that civilization is perhaps approaching one of those long winters that overtake it from time to time. Christendom may be coming to its end. Such a catastrophe would be no reason for despair. Nothing lasts forever, but the elasticity of life is wonderful. . . . Under the deluge, and watered by it, seeds of all sorts would survive against the time to come."

Here is the faith which can sustain us in the desperate situation which now confronts us. How has the world survived to the present hour if not by virtue of this fact that underneath every deluge, which has swept away the proud civilizations of the past, and watered by this deluge, seeds of life have survived and thus produced a succeeding and better age? Seeds of life, I say, have survived—and survived where? In the hearts of men who have refused to be dismayed, who have kept faith in the dark hours of disaster, who have

heroically insisted upon serving the best and highest that they knew, even when such service seemed most futile. In the midst of civilizations that have been rotted by corruptions or destroyed by violence, there have ever been living certain chosen spirits among men who have lived valiantly in faith and hope and love. These men and women have been the redeemers of their time, the transformers of life from age to age, and the builders therefore of the future. It is for such spirits that we must look today. It is such spirits that we must find in all nations, living lonely by themselves, or gathered in little scattered and hidden groups, if our world is to be saved against the time to come. It is such spirits that we ourselves must be, if we would do our part to guarantee the future. In the hearts of men—in your hearts and in mine—must germinate those seeds of new and better life, which may survive the deluge which impends.

It is because there is no other hope but in ourselves, and in those who may be like-minded with ourselves, that I appeal to you today to do what can alone be done to save mankind. In the crash of nations, the disintegration of economic systems, the demoralization of human sentiments and ideas, there remains to us nothing but the integrity of our hearts, the unconquerable fidelity of our dreams and visions. We can live, even though all else perish. And if we live, the world, in God's good time, shall live again. I plead with you, therefore, dear friends, for the sake of this world which you must love, and which in some form you would transmit to your children and your children's children, to set yourselves to a noble task this day. I ask you to lay certain solemn obligations upon your souls, to take certain exalted pledges into your lives. I present to you a set of rules, of commandments of the spirit, which I beg you to accept as the guiding stars of all your lives henceforth.

First. Never, under any circumstances, for any cause, in answer to any call, support war! Never in defense of your own country, or for any other reason, take up arms, or sanction the taking up of arms by those you know and love! Never have anything to do, in any way whatsoever, with any armed conflict between nations! This suggestion, however startling in these warlike times, is nothing new or strangely difficult. For three hundred years the Quakers have pledged themselves to this precept and have unfalteringly obeyed it; and all through the world today, wherever their service or good repute has gone, the Quakers are loved and reverenced above all other men. To live as these have lived—unflinchingly, uncompromisingly against war—unflinchingly, uncompromisingly for peace—is what we ourselves must do.

Second. Make the world, and nothing less than the world, your country! Become a world-citizen, and live devoutly in the spirit of this highest and noblest of all citizenships. This means, never to support your country in any policy which involves injury to any other people! Never to uphold it or defend it in any action which involves less than the universal happiness and prosperity of mankind! Always to oppose the nation in conduct which is selfish or parochial! Purge your hearts of patriotism; emancipate yourselves from the idolatry of the flag; substitute for the single nation, as the first object of your loyalty, the universal brotherhood of man! This may sound drastic, but again it is nothing new or strange, for is it not just this which religion has tried to teach, when faithful to itself, in all ages and among all peoples? At the heart of religion is the exalted conception of God the Father; and I have yet to find any evidence that this God has ever pledged allegiance to any flag that has ever flown in the breezes of heaven. To be loyal to God and only to God is the first duty of those who recognize his fatherhood. And this means, of course, that our one true country is the world.

Third—and here I am speaking very particularly to the young men and women in this audience! Resolve, henceforth and forevermore, never to have anything to do with the existing economic order of society! Step outside of it altogether—save yourself before it is too late from the fatal entanglements of its processes! Seek no profits; make no investments; be guilty of no exploitations! Live on what you earn, and earn by the labor of your own hands or brains! Establish a minimum standard of living, providing decencies and reasonable comforts, but no luxuries! Whatever you may earn in excess of the needs of this minimum, give it freely and gladly in support of all good works for human-kind! Above all, give every available ounce of strength and every possible minute of time to the service of those great movements of revolutionary change which even now are undertaking to bring upon the earth that new and better order of society which must some day come.

Lastly. In your individual lives practice unfalteringly and without reservations, the law of love! Recognize no prejudices; foster no hates; make every man your friend! Have no enemies; or, if they appear in spite of yourselves, love your enemies! Let no human being of any kind exist outside the circle of your affection! Reverence and love the Jew as you reverence and love other men! Take to your heart the black man as freely as you take the white! Rear no barriers; recognize no classes; know no separations or distinctions. God is our father, and He would have all men to be brothers one of another. This means that the human race should constitute a single family. Let all men, therefore, whom you know, or whom you can reach, be drawn into your family, and held therein by bonds of love and faith!

Here are the things which alone can save the world. We have come once again in human history to a time when we must find refuge in ourselves. In times like these the hearts of men alone stand sure, and can alone be trusted to do the work of God. It is too late, perhaps, to escape the deluge. If we are to serve at all it must be by cherishing these seeds of life which can live on under any deluge, and even be watered by it. The soil in which these seeds shall be kept warm, and germinate, and at last blossom to a new and fairer fruitage, is the soil of your hearts and mine. This is our sacred trust—in this must we not fail!

In Bertrand Russell's book, "Why Men Fight," there is a single passage which I would here present as my closing word. It is the summary of all that I have tried to say, and the prophecy of all the hope I have to offer:

> When the Goths sacked Rome, St. Augustine wrote the "City of God," putting a spiritual hope in place of the material reality that had been destroyed. Throughout the centuries that followed St. Augustine's hope lived and gave life, while Rome sank to a village of hovels. For us, too, it is necessary to create a new hope, to build up by our thought a better world than the one which is hurling itself to ruin. Because the times are bad, more is required of us than would be required in normal times. Only a supreme fire of thought and spirit can save future generations from the death that

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GROWTH OF THE COMMUNITY CHURCH MOVEMENT.

The development of the community church as a self-conscious movement in American religious life is a new phenomenon. For years we have had "union" churches, notably in New England. For years also independent churches have occasionally sprung up in new settlements of the West. But their number was not great, and they were regarded as dubious experiments or as temporary expedients to meet abnormal conditions. It now appears, however, that such churches represented the sporadic stages of what in the past three or four years has developed into a definite, country-wide movement of big significance, and is widely believed to constitute the next step in the evolution of religious organization.

Since 1915 strong trends towards the community organization of religion have been developing in the Central and Western States. These trends have been felt also in the East. And in the past two years it is said that the interest in the community church has been greater in the South, in proportion to population, than in any other section of the country.

The movement is therefore unrestricted as to geographical area. It is also unrestricted as to the character of the community it enters. Although the community church seems best adapted to the overchurched village, it is found successfully operating among almost every conceivable class of people—in the open country, in towns made up largely of retired farmers, and in mining districts, city suburbs, among the mountaineers, and even among foreigners.

The actual number of community churches now operating is not known, but exceeds 800. In May, 1921, Dr. Edmund de S. Brunner, of the Committee on Social and Religious Surveys, by combining data gathered by the writer with that of the Interchurch Surveys, estimated that there were between five and six hundred such churches in America. Since that time the writer's investigations have been continued, and on June 1, 1922, the list included the names of 713 community churches. At least 118 other churches are known, whose exact addresses are thus far not listed, and the list is believed to be at least 50 per cent incomplete. New churches are at present being organized at the rate of six per month—that is, an average of six newly organized churches per month is being reported to the news editor of *The Community Churchman*. Inasmuch as this publication has no systematic news gathering service covering the entire country, the actual number of new churches being organized must be much in excess of these figures.

Of the 713 churches listed, 328 are union or independent, 255 are federated, 102 are denominational, and 28 are as yet unclassified. The most incomplete classification is that of the denominational community church. This is due in part to the fact that until more recently the compiler was not interested in gathering statistics of this type of church. Also, at the very outset, great difficulty was met in determining what "community churches" with denominational affiliations were such in reality and what were only living under that name. For example one pastor wrote in response to the questionnaire he received: "This is not a community church. But it is the only church thus far established in this community, and we have adopted the name 'community church' in order to discourage competition." In other words, a denominational church with a purely sectarian basis of membership and making no special attempt to serve the entire community, was making use of the community name only for its own protection in exploiting the community. I was much tempted to tell the pastor that what he had was not a church at all, but a branch chapter of the Annanias Club.

On the basis of the best figures available it is estimated that there are not more than 210 real denominational community churches in the United States. A denominational church may be a real community church only if it receives members on their own baptism and their simple confession of Christian faith and purpose, and if it makes the entire community its parish. It must be nonsectarian, nonexclusive, community-serving.

The denominational type is, judged by statistics, the least popular form of community church in every section of the country. In most States also, the independent or union churches exceed in number the federated churches. Oregon, Kansas, Illinois and Vermont are the only exceptions. The predominance of the federated church in Vermont is due to the "Vermont Plan" under which the Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist Episcopal State organizations are working together for the correction of the evil of overchurching.

Statistically, the movement is weakest in the South, as is to be expected. Our lists show a total of only 52 community churches in all the Southern States combined, and 20 of these are in Missouri, which is not a fullfledged Southern State. It should be said, however, that there exist in parts of the South considerable numbers of federated churches which are not listed, because they consist of federations of congregations of the same "family"; for instance, the Presbyterian U. S. A. and Presbyterian U. S. churches have federated in many communities in Arkansas. They remain denominational, however, and compete in the usual manner with other sectarian churches in the same community. Even in the South the independent or union church is the predominant type, 3 of the 52 listed being of that type, as compared with 5 federated, 11 denominational, and 3 unclassified.

In the West—Arizona, California, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado—are 75 community churches, 44 of which are independent. The movement has been fostered in Colorado by The Colorado Association of Community Churches, which for three years has been exerting its influence through semi-annual meetings, one of which each year is held in connection with a rural ministers' conference at the State College of Agriculture. One of the most remarkable rural churches of this type in the United States is Sangent Community Church located eight miles from Monte Vista, Colorado. The movement in Colorado is under-going a temporary set-back however, owing to the financial difficulties resulting from the slump in the mining industry, many of the churches being located in mining settlements.

New Mexico and Utah are the most barren fields of the West as yet. But there are hopeful awakenings in New Mexico, and favorable developments are confidently expected there in the near future. One of the most conspicuous denominational community churches in the West is the Kirkpatrick Memorial Community Church of Parma, Idaho, which has a splendid equipment for religious education, recreation, and worship, and is doing large community service under a community-minded pastor.

At the present moment California presents the most aggressive field in the

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has befallen the generation which we knew and loved. A body of men and women so inspired will conquer—first the difficulties and perplexities of their individual lives, then, in time, though perhaps only in a long time, the outer world.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Wisdom of the Peoples

VI. MAXIMS OF FULKE GREVILLE, 1757.

We are oftener deceived by being told some truth than no truth.

People seldom speak ill of themselves, but when they have a good chance of being contradicted.

Wit gives confidence less than confidence gives wit.

Impertinence is to dignity what cunning is to wisdom.

In this country every criminal has the privilege of being tried by his peers—but an author.

We confess our faults in the plural and deny them in the singular.

Most men have more courage than even they themselves think they have.

We are about as much mortified to be duped by another as we are satisfied to be duped by ourselves.

Avarice is both knave and fool.

—*Selected by* JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

West. There are numbers of really remarkable churches among the 45 listed, and the community idea has taken hold most strongly in the fruit-growing sections, helped on, no doubt, by the high degree of industrial co-operation practiced there. The movement is spreading most rapidly in the Imperial Valley, under the leadership of Rev. J. A. McGaughey, pastor of the church at Imperial. This church, less than three years old, has developed a remarkable out-station work, including evangelization, Americanization, Bible teaching, and other features. It now employs two ordained ministers as assistants to the pastor, and makes large use of volunteers among its laymen. It went right on, with its work undiminished, during a serious financial depression in the town which wrecked the Bank of Imperial. The success of this church has already led to the establishment of other churches in the Valley, and to wide-spread agitation and desire for such churches at other points.

(To be continued.)

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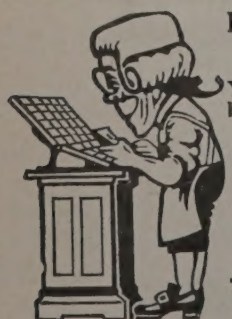

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